

## Smile For The Camera

*In Smile for The Camera, Cindy has been captured by Ren and is pinned to a tree. Ren circles her while talking. 1 woman, 1 man. Crime, Drama.*

### **Smile for the Camera**

Ren: I'm not a bad man...I do things the way they need to be done. Do you think I'm a bad man, Cinderella?

Cindy: I do.

Ren: You've always thought of me that way.

Cindy: I have.

Ren: I've never been one to give a good first impression. I think I have some positive attributes.

Cindy: Such as?

Ren: For starters, I help the poor.

Cindy: Your way of helping the poor is uncivilized.

Ren: Not the way I view it. I offer choices. They can work for me or be sent away.

Cindy: What gives you the right to play God?

Ren: Oh honey, we all have pieces of God in us. Isn't that what they say? Besides, I've made the streets better for common folk.

Cindy: Murderer.

Ren: If I am a murderer...what are you?

Cindy: I've changed.

Ren: Changed? No darling, our kind doesn't change. It's too deep. It's within. It's in the bedrock...our kind can't change.

Cindy: I've started a new life, Ren. Far away from everything.

Ren: You see now, that's the issue I've come here to take up with you. One doesn't just decide to pick up and leave.

Cindy: I have.

Ren: I know you have but you can't do that sort of thing. Not without permission.

Cindy: Permission?

Ren: All you ever had to do was ask.

Cindy: Ren, can I have my new life?

Ren: Nope. Too little, too late I'm afraid sweetheart. If you had asked me sooner, I most probably would have said no anyway. There's a very small teenie weenie bit chance I would have said yes, depending on the day you caught me but after the fact, well, after the fact you really don't have a prayer in hell honey buns.

Cindy: My brother will come looking for you.

Ren: I know. I know he will.

Cindy: He won't stop coming at you.

Ren: Oh, I know, I know. He's got a lot of love in his heart, don't he? It's alright. I'd be kind of pissed off and lost for hope too if I was tied up to a tree in the middle of the desert. Can I ask you something? Hey, hey there Cinderella dear...may I ask you something?

*Cindy nods.*

Do you think I can put one in your head from two hundred yards?

*Cindy spits at Ren.*

I've always valued your opinion. I'll give it a shot and we'll see how she goes.

Cindy: Ren, please...don't do this.

Ren: You know the rules baby girl.

Cindy: I never loved you. I only used you.

Ren: Is that all you got as parting words? I expected more from a gal like you.

Cindy: I'll give you something...how about a news flash?

Ren: Whatch ya got?

Cindy: ...I killed three of your kids. You hear me? THREE!

Ren: How?

Cindy: You're so stupid. You always thought I miscarried when it was always forced. Do you think for one second that I would ever consider bringing one of yours into this world?

Ren: But the doctor said—

Cindy: The doctor said what I told him to say.

Ren: Even if that were true, won't change nothing. Why bother telling me now?

Cindy: Because I know it *stings*. You won't show it, but it stings so bad in you right now, throbbing hot with venom all through your weak pathetic body. You could have had three of your own. But you got nothing.

Ren: That was quite a bite sweetheart. I must say, that throbbing you spoke of is in full affect. That's the Cinderella I know.

*Ren paces two hundred yards away from Cindy.*

Smile for the camera!

*Ren takes aim and fires.*